

**EFFECT OF THE PRESENT TARIFF.**—We find, says the Tribune, in the Gazette of Union a letter from a gentleman interested in the manufacture of woolen goods, who states that of over 300 sets of woolen machinery that three years ago were at work making broadcloth, only 34 sets are now used for that purpose; some are burned, others burnt up, and others at work on other fabrics. On the whole, the writer says that one-third of the woolen machinery of the country is now idle, and unless wool should decline 11 or 12 cents a pound from the price of last year, one-third more will be idle in less than six months. The price of labor in the mills is already reduced to the lowest notch, economy of every sort has been carried to the extreme of measures, and unless the farmers can be made to suffer in the value of the wool, the manufacture must succumb.

**PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY, O. S.**—The proceedings of this body, which we find in the Charleston papers, are so far mostly of a preliminary character. On Friday, the Treasurer's report was made, showing a balance on hand of \$1,845.55. A report was made in favor of establishing a cheap newspaper. Rev. Mr. Humphries, from the committee on overtures, reported against changing the rules requiring that commissioners to take evidence should be constituted of members of the judicature sitting in trial. The petition on this subject was from the Presbytery of New Jersey. The report from the various Presbyteries shows an encouraging state of things. The Western Theological Seminary is also flourishing.

**PACIFIC RAILROAD.**—The St. Louis Intelligencer says that the engineer of the Pacific Railroad Company is making arrangements to charter a steamer for conveying the rails at present received to a point on the Missouri, where they will remain till the first of September, when it is designed to commence laying the track. The work on the road is rapidly progressing on all the sections where the contracts have been made, and in cases where former contracts were abandoned, the work has been re-let to responsible men, so that no delay may be anticipated from the failure of contractors to abide their agreements.

**IMPORTATION OF SUGAR AND MOLASSES.**—During the year 1891 the importation of brown sugars into the United States amounted to 355,371,195 pounds, value \$12,882,274; of white or refined sugars, 17,000,000 pounds, value \$1,000,000. Of molasses there were imported 36,370,772 gallons, valued at \$3,707,591; making the total value of the importation of these two articles \$17,589,855, or nearly one-twelfth of the value of the entire imports for this year, which amounted to \$210,224,932. The principal import of sugar is from Cuba, 276,000,000 pounds, valued at \$10,000,000, coming from that island.

**HURRICANE.**—A severe hurricane passed through Christiana county, Kentucky, between Princeton and Hopkinsville, a few days ago. It extended forty miles wide, 1,000 feet high, prostrating the telegraph posts and wire, uprooting and twisting off nearly every tree in its range. All the fences are leveled to the ground. A cotton mill was also destroyed, and a number of barns blown to pieces, killing a number of horses, stock, &c. The full extent of the damage is not known.

**AWFUL ACCIDENT.**—A fearful accident occurred at Stroudsburg, Monroe, Pa., on Monday week. Through carelessness in firing a cannon, a premature explosion occurred, injuring and shattering the arms of William Hinton so severely, that they had both to be amputated, and one of the arms of George Wright, rendering amputation also necessary. Hinton died soon after the operation. He was formerly a resident of Easton.

**A NEW GOLD DOLLAR HAS BEEN STRUCK** and forwarded to the Department at Washington for approval. It is about the size of a dime with an open center of nearly the size of the present coin. On the one side is the word "Dollar," and on the other side is "United States of America, 1892."

**OUR PENITENTIARY.**—Several of the guards of this institution have been discharged because they are Whites and this is only a beginning. The Journal says that, so general is to be the reform, it is rumored that all the White convicts are to be turned out, and that the institution is to be purely L. O. C.

**FRANKIE.**—It would seem that Louis Napoleon possesses more wit than his enemies give him credit for. Ramon, relative to him, is guilty of a great many falsehoods.

**KANSAS.**—At the latest accounts, Kansas was recruiting his energies at Niagara. His return to the old continent is postponed.

**THE MAY FESTIVAL WILL NOT TAKE PLACE** in New York this year, by reason of the great preparations which are being made by the joint committees of all the German Glee Clubs of New York for the general convention to take place on the 19th, 20th and 21st of June, and in order that too many public festivals might not follow each other. All the German Glee Clubs in the United States form a general Union, called *Sanger-Bund*, and convene every year in one of the principal cities, where they perform their songs and choruses, and give one or more public concerts. They are the invited guests of German cities of the place where the Convention is held. The coming occasion in New York will be truly a grand affair—societies from various cities throughout the country will be present.

**THE PRUDENT MAN FORSETH DANGER,** and provideth against it. We learn from the Lancaster Gazette, that Lieut. Gov. Medill is a fair field, delegate to Baltimore, for the Manumission Club, on Thursday, accompanied by the sheriff of the county, and the editor of the Lancaster Gazette. In view of the fact that the Lancaster Presidential Convention, anticipated by the "Journal of Commerce" and other intelligent parties, it is well for commissioned officers to take their "edge" along with them. —*Geo. Gar.*

**The Little Prayer.**  
The day was gloomy and chill. At the freshly opened grave stood a little delicate girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept until she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart, as if to still its beating.  
"It's not long," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovel of earth over all the child had left to love; "fretting, don't bring dead folks to life; pity you hadn't got no ship's consuls somewhere to take you; it's a tough world, this 'ere, I tell you; I don't see how you're going to weather it. Guess I'll take you round to Miss Fetherbee's; she's got a power of children, and wants a hand to help her, so come along. If you cry enough to lose the ark, I'll give you a good cry, and then you'll be all right." He obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another and yet another look where her mother lay buried.

The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Fetherbee, attired in a gay colored dress, with such quantity of jewelry, sat sewing some shabby cotton lace on a cheap pocket handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three about an apple; and big words they had come to hard blows; and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange-juice, and a stick of candy—each combatant putting in for the biggest.

Poor Allie with pale cheeks and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing herself by pulling out at intervals little handfuls of her hair.  
"Quiet that child, can't you?" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no gentle tone. "I don't wonder the darling is cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you, or you won't earn the salt to your porridge, here. There, I declare, you've half put your eyes out with those long curls dangling round; come here, and have 'em cut off, they don't look proper for a charity child; (and she glanced at the short stubby curls on the head of the little Fetherbee.)

Allie's lip quivered, as she said, "Mother used to love to brush them smooth every morning; she said they were like little dead sisters; please don't cut them off." But I tell you I do please to cut 'em, so there's an end to that; said she, as she took a single curl, in a shining beam upon the floor, and for creation's sake stop talking about dead folks, and now eat your breakfast if you want it; I forgot you hadn't any; there's some of the children's left; if you're hungry it will go down, and if you ain't you can go without."

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"Why, the long and short of it is, she's a poor creature that we've taken in out of charity, and she's crying at her good luck, she's all; said the lady, with a vexed toss of the head. "That's the way benevolence is always rewarded; nothing on earth to do here but tend the baby, and amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash the dishes, and dust the furniture, and tidy the kitchen, and do a few errands; ungrateful little baggage!"

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"H-t-t-t, t-t-t, what's all this?" said a broad rosy-faced milk-maid, as she sat shining down on the kitchen table; what's all this, Miss Fetherbee? Is he as lief eat pines and needles as hear a child cry? Who is she, (pointing at Allie), and what's the matter of her?"

"Why, the long and short of it is, she's a poor creature that we've taken in out of charity, and she's crying at her good luck, she's all; said the lady, with a vexed toss of the head. "That's the way benevolence is always rewarded; nothing on earth to do here but tend the baby, and amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash the dishes, and dust the furniture, and tidy the kitchen, and do a few errands; ungrateful little baggage!"

Longer's heart was as big as the farm, (and that creature, considerable good) glancing pitifully at the little weeper, he said skillfully, "that child's going to be sick, Miss Fetherbee, and then what are you going to do with her?—besides, she's too young to be of much use to you; you'd better let me take her."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you was half right," said the frightened woman; "she's been so much enough, already; I'll give her a 'quit claim' to the farm."

"Will you go with me, my little maid?" said Jenny with a bright, good-natured smile.  
"If you please," said Allie, laying her little hand confidently into her rough palm.  
"Sit up closer," said Jenny, as he put one arm around her, to steady her fragile figure, as they rattled over the stone pavement; "we shall soon be out of this old city. (Confound it always!) as if I was poisoned every time I come into town; and then we'll see what sweet hay-fields, and new milk, and clover blossoms and kind friends will do for you—you poor little plucked chicken! Where did you come from when you came to live with that old woman?"

"From my mother's grave," said Allie.  
"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Jenny, winking away a tear, and looking down on her. "Well, said Jenny, I wish I hadn't asked you: I am always running my head against a beam. Do you love to feed chickens, eh? Did you ever milk a cow or ride on top a hay cart or go a berrying? Do you love bouncing red apples and peaches as big as your fist? It shall go hard if you haven't 'em all. What's the color of your hair, child? have you had your hair shaved?"

"Miss Fetherbee cut it off," said Allie.  
"The poor creature! I wish I could be in a little quicker. Was it your curls then young 'uns was playing with? Well, never mind," said he, looking admiringly at the sweet face before him, "you don't need 'em; and they might get you to looking in the glass often than was good for you."

"Well, here we are, I declare; and there stands my old woman in the doorway, shading her eyes from the sun. I guess she's looking where the Pump is, and the draw well. Look here, Betsy; do you see this child? The earth is fresh on her mother's grave. She has neither kith nor kin. I've brought her from that old skinduff of a Fetherbee's, and here she is; if you like her it will be good, and if you don't, she'll stay here just the same; and I know you will, said he coaxingly, as he passed his brawny arm around her capacious waist. And now get her something that will bring the color to her cheeks, for my mind, you'll have no white daisies on my farm!"

How sweetly Allie's little tired limbs rested in the fragrant lavender sheet! A tear lingered on her cheek, but its birth was not of sorrow. Jenny pointed it out to her, as they stood looking at her before retiring to rest.  
"Never forget it, Betsy," said he, "thrust your arm in for the motherless. May God forget me, if I don't hear one from my lips!" —*Edw. Bruce.*

**IN ANSWER TO THE NUMEROUS INQUIRIES,** we would say that the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad is not yet located through this county, nor is it possible for us to say, at this time, which route will be adopted. These facts have not yet been determined by the Board of Directors, nor will they be until the trial surveys between Byers and Athens are completed, which will be soon, as we are informed.—*Union Republican.*

**STRICT.**—The steamer Clara, brought to St. Louis on Friday, from the Missouri river, a special, belonging to the Messrs. Bach, San Francisco. She also had on board two thousand dollars to Page & Bacon, and smaller lots to other persons.

**THE PLEASANT WILLIAM WILKINSON,** died in Providence, (R. I.) on Saturday morning, in the 92nd year of his age. He was the oldest living graduate of Brown University, having belonged to the class of 1788. He served in the revolutionary war, and was engaged in Sullivan's expedition.

**THE LITTLE PRAYER.**  
The day was gloomy and chill. At the freshly opened grave stood a little delicate girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept until she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart, as if to still its beating.  
"It's not long," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovel of earth over all the child had left to love; "fretting, don't bring dead folks to life; pity you hadn't got no ship's consuls somewhere to take you; it's a tough world, this 'ere, I tell you; I don't see how you're going to weather it. Guess I'll take you round to Miss Fetherbee's; she's got a power of children, and wants a hand to help her, so come along. If you cry enough to lose the ark, I'll give you a good cry, and then you'll be all right." He obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another and yet another look where her mother lay buried.

The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Fetherbee, attired in a gay colored dress, with such quantity of jewelry, sat sewing some shabby cotton lace on a cheap pocket handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three about an apple; and big words they had come to hard blows; and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange-juice, and a stick of candy—each combatant putting in for the biggest.

Poor Allie with pale cheeks and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby,